



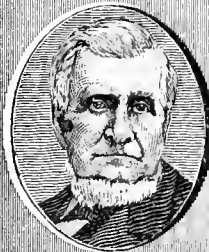
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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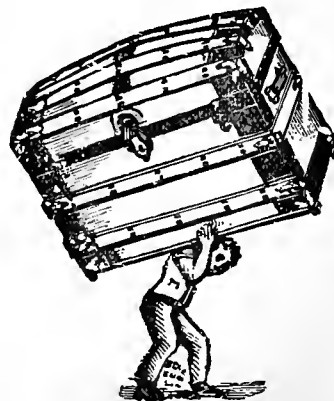
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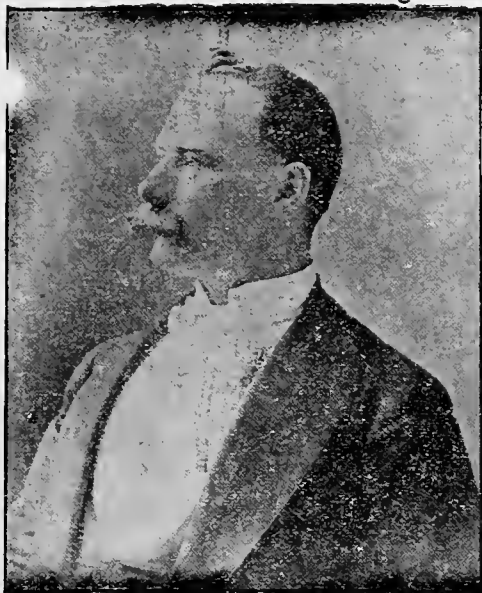
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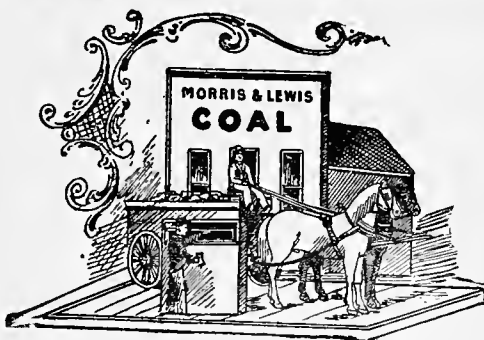


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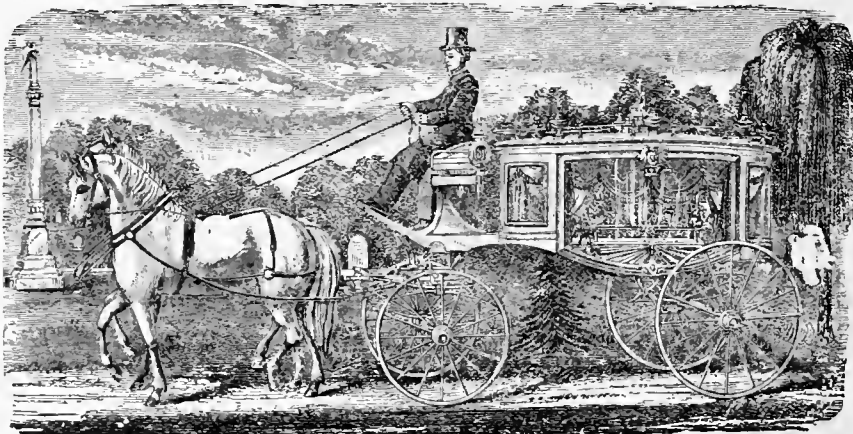
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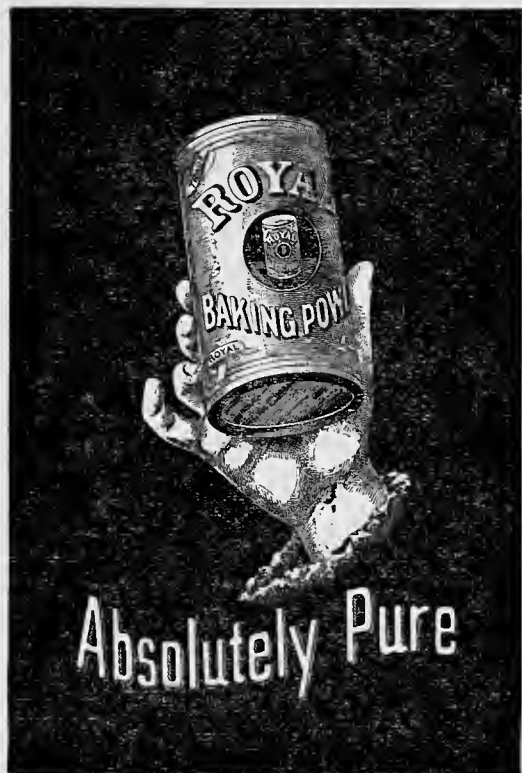


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From our Neighbor, Wyoming.

Hon. John C. Halm, Prosecuting Attorney for Uinta county, Wyo., whose home is at Evanston, endorses Dr. G. W. Shores and his associates in the following clear and concise language. Mr. Halm says:

"My little daughter has suffered from catarrh for some time. The first we noticed of her trouble was a cold in her head; then she had what the doctors call Catarrhal Fever. One attack would follow another so quickly that it began to undermine her health. Her appetite began to fail and she would complain of feeling very tired and miserable. Her nose would stop up so bad that often she would have to breathe through her mouth. Upon the slightest exposure to cold, she would experience chilly sensations. Such was her condition when I consulted Dr. G. W. Shores. He assured me that she could be cured thoroughly and without discomfort, and I concluded to try his treatment, and, in a word, she began to improve almost immediately and has continued to improve in every way ever since and is now almost a different girl, eating, breathing and sleeping like a healthy, growing girl should.

I am pleased and thoroughly satisfied with my experience with Doctor Shores and his associates.



And Another Nearer Home.

Mrs. C. M. Johansen, of Coalville, Utah, while in the city during conference, called on Dr. Shores to renew old acquaintance and gives the following for publication: "Some time ago I was treated by Dr. G. W. Shores and associates for polypus in my nostril. The polypus had grown to such a size as to be very painful and uncomfortable and greatly retarded my breathing. Dr. Shores entirely removed all traces of it in a painless operation, and there has been no signs of it returning since. I would have died if it had not been for Dr. Shores.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1896.

No. 10.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

How dear is the tie of true friendship,
The sweet bond that links heart to heart
And bids us come, trustingly ever
Our joys and our sorrows impart.
When life is all saddened and blighted,
And hopes once so bright fade away,
How soothing the sweet balm of friendship,
Bright'ning the dreariest day.

How sweet 'tis to know in life's trials
That one heart will ever prove true,
Will counsel and offer assistance
In every act we may do.

The kind cheering word that is spoken
Like sunlight steals into the heart,
Chasing away all the shadows,
And healing the wound of a dart

What word that is dearer or sweeter?
What tie that more comfort will lend?
When we say in the midst of life's troubles
"I'll go and confide to my friend,
The friend that I know understands me
Good counsel will give and advice."
O! beautiful, beautiful friendship,
Thou art surely a "pearl of great price."

Lula Cooper.

SPRING.

As slowly sets yon setting sun
O'er misty mountain tops of grey,
His long day's journey being done
He hies him to his rest away.

'Tis spring and 'mid the glowing hills
No more is seen the winter's snow
Ah! how my soul with rapture fills,
No more I hear the bleak wind blow.

Then o'er the hills the morning breaks,
And pearly dew bedecks each flower.
From her long slumber nature wakes,
And birds sing on each leafy bower.

Then all the world with rapture fills,
In golden glow of early dawn,
Blending with music from the rills,
The bleat of lamb and sporting fawn.

Thus varied scenes doth ever come
And life's made sweet by harmony,
With children's voices blend the thrum
Of nature's muse in symphony.

O let me hear the sweet birds sing
Of fair dame nature's jubilee!
For then I know the joyous spring
Abounds in sweet felicity.

Annie G. Lawritzen.

CHANCE AND FATE.

TELL me not that chance or fate
Shapes the course that we must go;
All such words are idle prate,
Reason's gaze can overthrow.

Good and evil, side by side,
Sit together and are free
To be chosen or denied,
As it suits our agency.

Destiny hath no restraint
From predestination's ban;
Each may be a knave or Saint:
Freedom is the right of man.

If the heart with God is right
And with man it is the same,
We shall rise from error's might,
Honors added to our name.

Dismal dogmas have been taught
Ages long to give unrest,
But with knowledge truth hath brought,
Hope hath healed the troubled breast.

Seek by help of grace divine,
Duty's paths to clearly see;
Then if strength of will be thine,
What are chance or fate to thee?

J. C.

TEMPLE OF GWALIOR, INDIA.

One of the most interesting native states of the wonderful land of India is Gwalior, a district larger than Scotland and Wales united, though not nearly as large as Utah, since it represents in fact an area only about equal to a section, one hundred and eighty miles square. A peculiarity of the state of Gwalior is that its surface, while broken by no such lofty mountains as readers of the INSTRUCTOR are accustomed to see, is dotted with numerous small hills which start up suddenly out of the level plain. On one of these the noted fortress of Gwalior is built, a splendid specimen of military structure, claimed to have been begun as far back as the year 773. It stands upon what may be called a massive low rock, generally about three hundred feet high, the sides of which are so steep that they may only be scaled where roads and steps have been artificially made; and in all the rock itself is about 2,500 yards in length, by 300 in width at the widest part. It and the plain around its base have been the scenes of many a bloody contest, not only between natives themselves, but also between them and their present conquerors, the British, whose rule, however, has brought peace and prosperity instead of the revolutions and massacres which used to be so common.

But our picture is not about the fortress of Gwalior at all. It represents the magnificent ruins of a great temple that still adorn the capital city of the state. In fact the city of Gwalior is famous for three things: (1) the rock fortress, to which we have made allusion; (2) several remarkable Hindoo temples, the most stupendous of which is presented in the accompanying illustration; and (3) the most interesting specimen of early Hindoo palace-

building that is to be found in all India.

You will observe that the temple here depicted is built upon an elevation (as may be seen from the retaining walls in the foreground), and that it is constructed of stone. The whole formation of the country invites the use of this latter material, for the hills (bluffs, or buttes, we would call them), are of a fine-grained sandstone which answers excellently for building purposes. It is easily cut or carved, and in the picturesque specimen before us there are many evidences of the skill of the ancient stone-cutter. It is altogether massive, solemn, and (if we consider the semi-barbarism of its builders) splendid; for it was finished more than 800 years ago and dedicated to the worship of the Buddhist divinities.

Of this form of worship we need say nothing in this article, our interest being directed to the structure itself, its solidity, majesty, architectural novelty and wonderful endurance against the assaults of weather and time. X.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.**Idle Willie.**

Willie Ray was a bright little boy, but he disliked school. He would rather spend the day in the woods, searching for birds' nests than in the schoolhouse. His parents endeavored to show him the folly of such a course, but in vain.

Sometimes he would take his books and start for school, but on his way he would think of a squirrel's nest that he had lately discovered, and would wander along the path which led into the forest.

One day, in the early springtime,



TEMPLE AT GWALIOR, INDIA. (See Page 290.)

Willie spent the forenoon in climbing trees, chasing butterflies, etc. Worn out with his sport, he threw himself down in the shade of a beautiful maple tree, "to take it easy," as he expressed it.

Suddenly from out a lovely white flower which grew near a tiny creature appeared. She grew larger and larger, and Willie thought she was the most beautiful lady he had ever seen.

She gazed sadly at Willie for a few moments, then said in such a sweet voice, "Oh, foolish boy, why do you thus idle away your time? Up, child and come with me?"

Willie did not think of disobeying, but immediately arose and took her proffered hand, and they started out together.

They went through verdant meadows, over hilltops, and across sparkling streams of water.

Suddenly they came to a lovely castle. Everything showed signs of taste and wealth. A handsome, intelligent-looking man was out on the well-kept lawn. Willie's companion said:

"My child, this beautiful home belongs to that man. When a boy he was always found in the school-room, at the head of his class. I need not say any more; that tells the whole story."

Then they went a few miles farther. Willie was getting rather tired, when they came to a little, old, tumbled-down log house. Indications of misery and poverty were everywhere to be seen. The child involuntarily shuddered. The kind lady said:

"My little man, the one who owns this home, if home it can be called, is a drunkard. When a child he was sent to school, but he would always run away and did not care to get his lessons. As he grew larger, he spent most of his

time on the street corners. Soon his friends (?) persuaded him to join them in the bar-room. The rest of my story is easily told. He went from bad to worse, until he fell as low as a man can fall. My child, he is a hated outcast, a drunkard."

"Dear lady," exclaimed Willie, "I know now why you brought me here. I will go back to school, and I will work. Yes, I will stand at the head of my class before I am satisfied." He raised his hand toward heaven, when he awoke with a start. He looked for the house, it had vanished. The fairy, too, had gone.

"It was all a dream," cried Willie, as he rubbed his eyes. Then he leaned his curly head upon his chubby fists and reflected a moment. At length he said, "I'll go to school; I'll be like that good man if I can, and I can." I need only say that he kept his resolve, and he stands today at the head of one of our institutions of learning.

Nelly Taylor.

A Story of Adventure.

In crossing what is known as the Wasatch Mountains, between Sanpete and Castle Valley, the traveler is able to view some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in Southern Utah. Vast stretches of timberland, as far as the eye can see, and here and there rugged brown peaks projecting above the surrounding green.

The wagon road is used considerably in summer, but is impassable in winter on account of the heavy fall of snow, which is not melted enough to make the road passable until the late spring.

For years stockmen have been so anxious to reach the feed that grows between the principal range of moun-

tains and what is known as East Mountains, or Bad Lands, that they have trailed their cattle and sheep across on the snow, which is sufficiently crusted to bear the weight of the herds, and even of pack horses—the latter being used to carry provisions for camp use.

It was my lot one spring to be one of a company who were thus engaged in trailing sheep across to the green pasture lands surrounded by mountains of snow. The monotony of such a trip is terrible, and anything of a diverting or exciting nature is hailed with delight by the weary travelers. Accordingly when, after we were encamped for the night in one of the little sheltered nooks on top of the mountains, and one of the party related his pleasurable experience in sliding down on the snow, three of us resolved to try it.

The next morning bright and early, we were again on the trail, and after traveling about half a mile, we came to a steep decline, which was covered with snow and stretched away for nearly a mile. Now was our chance for a snow ride. We soon procured an old horse blanket, and spreading it out on the edge of the decline, sat down on it, and began to wriggle ourselves along. Soon, however, wriggling became unnecessary, and we found ourselves gliding smoothly down the mountains at a good rate.

Our speed, however, kept increasing, and before we had gone far we all decided that it was a little faster than we cared to ride. We gazed at one another, and each could discern fear gradually creeping into the other's face.

Finally the thought struck me that I could lessen the speed by digging my heels into the hard snow. No sooner said than done, and no sooner done than into the air I shot as though fired

from a gun. I returned to mother earth just in time to see my two companions dash at a terrific speed over a precipice which we had counted on missing in our descent. I scrambled to my feet and hurried to the bottom of the cliff to see if any assistance could be rendered to my mangled companions. I arrived in time to help dig them out of the snow. They were unhurt, owing to the softness of the snow, but were badly frightened.

We hailed the approaching camp outfit with delight, and were soon comfortably ensconced in dry clothes, none the worse for our ride, but much wiser than before we took it.

L. E. Jordan.

A Visit to Cloudland.

Daisy sat before the window in a large arm-chair. She was watching the storm, and wondering from where the hail and snow came.

Suddenly a little man, with long, white hair and flowing robes stood before her. There was a look so cold and white about him that Daisy was reminded of the snow.

Seeing the frightened look on the child's face, the little man said, "Do not be afraid, for I will not hurt you. Come with me and I will show you the Kingdom of Cloudland over which I am ruler.

Daisy had overcome her fear and was willing to follow him. "But," said the king, "you cannot enter Cloudland as you are. I have something which will make you so you can go with me."

"Will it hurt me?" asked Daisy?"

"No," said the king. After Daisy drank a liquid, she was changed to a tiny person. Her white and glistening garments were as the snow.

Taking her hand, the king said, "Follow me, and they were drawn towards the clouds. "This, explained her guide as they passed through dense vapor, "is the veil which hides Cloudland from the Earth. We pass through that gate yonder, and then we shall have reached my kingdom."

As they passed through the gate Daisy was so dazzled she could distinguish nothing. But soon her eyes became accustomed to the brightness and she saw glistening castles and trees. Millions of little people, dressed as she herself was, greeted their king with songs and laughter.

Daisy was taken all around the kingdom. Under her feet was soft, fleecy snow. Everything was white and glistening. After feasting, the king took Daisy to see the merry game of ball. The little people made hard balls from the snow, and threw them in a downward direction.

"What becomes of the balls?" asked Daisy.

"The earth on which you live draws them toward it," said the king. "When they fall the inhabitants say it is hailing. Now, my subjects," said the snow king, "make your balls softer so that it will snow on earth." Then turning to Daisy, he said, "On their way to earth, the soft balls encounter forces which break them, and they fall in flakes. My subjects are a happy band, and do not cause the rain. This is caused by a very unhappy kingdom, which passes from place to place. The rain kingdom is as dark and black as mine is white and glistening. The tears of the weeping, unhappy people fall to earth and cause what is called rain.

"Rainland will be here in ten days, then we will seek more pleasant surroundings, as we cannot be happy with

the people of Rainland." Daisy thanked her guide, and said, "My mother will want me, so I must return to earth." The king took her to the veil between heaven and earth. He gave her a dark liquid and she became her former self again.

"Come, Daisy, it is past bedtime, and you have fallen sleep in your chair." When Daisy opened her eyes and saw mamma standing near, she knew that the visit to Cloudland was but a dream.

Clara Holbrook.

Rounding a Curve.

One morning a Mr. Brown, of Sacramento, California, boarded a train going to Mexico. He took a seat behind an elderly gentleman dressed in a gray suit of clothes. The train, which had hitherto sped along through pleasant valleys, was now nearing a range of low, winding hills.

At the first decided curve in the road the man in the gray suit was seen to jump up and firmly grasp the back of his chair, nervously looking out of the window.

Mr. Brown was quite startled, but soon assured himself that nothing was the matter. After that every time the train would round a curve the stranger would jump and clutch the back of his chair, with a frightened look upon his face. Mr. Brown thought the man must be insane.

At length the nervous gentleman turned round and addressed Mr. Brown: "I guess you think I act very strange, but I once had an adventure in rounding a curve." He thus began his story:

"A good many years ago I was in India, working as an engineer. One day I thought I would not go with the

train, so hired another engineer to go in my place. I slept most of that day, but towards evening one of the section hands came and wanted me to go out on a branch line to inspect the road. I started, and my mode of traveling was a small, flat car, pushed by three negroes.

"The road ran through a jungle, and was very lonely on account of so many trees and so much thick brush growing on each side of the track.

"The grade was level; the negroes were working the handles with all their strength, and the car fairly flew along. All at once we came to a sharp turn, when my negroes gave a loud yell and started back on the track, running at full speed.

"I looked ahead to see the cause of their fright, and there stretched across the track lay an old tiger and her little ones. Her mate was standing near, and at the scream of the men both animals raised up and stood there side by side, a magnificent pair, watching me with wild and dancing eyes.

"The car was going at full speed, and could not be stopped, and the tigers were only a few feet away, preparing to spring. What was I to do?

"No one can ever imagine my thoughts, as I expected every moment to be pounced upon and devoured by this hungry-looking family.

"There were no weapons on the car; there was nothing except a pick, a shovel, and a blanket. And why I chose the latter to defend myself with I cannot tell; but I quickly wrapped myself up in it and lay still to await my fate."

At this point of the story, the train was rounding another curve, and the stranger, as before, jumped up and frantically grasped the back of his chair.

A terrible shock followed, and in another moment Mr. Brown found himself rolling down a steep embankment. He jumped up as quickly as possible and went to see what had caused the disaster. A large rock had rolled down a side hill and lodged on the track.

He now turned his attention to the shattered cars and the wounded people. There was only one person killed, and that was the nervous passenger in the light suit of clothes.

Mr. Brown never heard how the unfortunate stranger got away from the tigers, but he will always remember his own adventure in rounding a curve.

Della Jones.

INFIDELITY.

There seems to be growing among a certain class of our young people a desire to be infidelic in their beliefs, or at least in their expressions, and perhaps some have come to this conclusion after a certain course of reasoning through which they have, to their own satisfaction, proven all manifestations of a spiritual nature to be impossible. Because our conceptions are limited to our own weak powers of comprehension, is it proof that there are no higher phenomena of which our minds, if capable of conceiving them, would be cognizant?

No one will deny that there are various degrees of intellectuality even among human beings. Indeed, there are different degrees of intellectual power in the succeeding stages of a single life. A child's power of comprehension is limited to the simplest phenomena, and it would be a mental impossibility for him to conceive of greater things. To him the sky is a canopy of solid substance. We might

seek to disabuse his mind of this idea with every argument within our power. It would be in vain. We are in error, and he understands.

We, as "children grown tall," have often grown to believe that which we once disbelieved, because we did not comprehend. Is it not possible that there are yet things beyond our power of comprehension?"

The deepest thinking, most intellectual minds are least positive, and most often admit that there are things they do not understand and upon which they cannot express an opinion, while shallow minds generally come to a quick decision in regard to questions upon which the greatest human intellect might ponder and ponder and still not decide.

The early discoverers and explorers of our country were to the untaught savage, beings from another world, and their deeds were miracles. When the art of writing was first displayed before a savage, he was struck with awe and could not comprehend it. He rushed through the streets holding aloft a shingle on which one man had written a sentence, and from which another, although absent when the characters were made, had read the written words, and shouted as he ran, "O the wisdom of these Englishmen! They make chips talk."

His was not the power to comprehend that simple art which to us is one of the common things of life. His mind was in its infancy.

May ours not be but infant minds compared to that great, all-powerful Intelligence whose products are to us as a wonder?

How dare we, with our limited power of conception, say that there is no God, and that He has not revealed Himself to

man? If we have not sought to know the truth and gained a knowledge of God for ourselves from the only source of wisdom, let us admit our own weakness and say, not, "There is no God," but rather, "I have not yet the power to comprehend."

Alice Hayes.

THE PAYMASTER'S TRAIN.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 272.)

"Why, Ben, it's five miles to where the train is, and the snow four feet deep."

"But there are my snow-shoes, Judy. I can manage them almost as well as Rock. I was out on the snow with Phil Brintly this morning, and he said I could manage them as well as he could."

"But in the dark, Ben."

"I'm not afraid. If you say I can go, I'll do it easily."

Judith thought seriously for a few moments. It was a risk to both of them to have him go, for should her husband learn of the effort none could foretell what might come of it. They had only to keep silent in regard to the affair, to be safe and at least as well off as they had been before. But on the other hand was this great wrong that was planned—the train robbed, and perhaps lives sacrificed even—which an effort on their part might prevent. Judith presently put her arms about Ben's neck and kissed him.

"Go, dear," she whispered. "It will be in a right cause, and Providence will aid and protect you. If you can reach the place don't try to come back; some of the people there will see that you are taken care of."

Ben slipped into the loft where his bed was, to get his cap and comforter, and then down the back stairs into the

kitchen. The snow-shoes hung against the wall, and Ben held his breath for fear that the sound of getting them down and both himself and them well out of the house might reach Rock's ears. Fortunately for him, however, there happened to be customers in the shop at the moment, and their talk drowned what noise he made. Once outside the house, it did not take him an instant to adjust the shoes, and in a moment more he was speeding towards the train.

Miles of white prairie stretching on every hand, speckless and unbroken, save in one spot where lights gleamed from the few houses in the small town that had sprung up about the station; overhead a dark, purple dome, pierced with millions of stars, whose sharp sparkle seemed a part of the keen crispness of the night, and a horizon of dim purplish banks of cloud-like darkness—this was the picture engraven on Ben's strained sight as he sped over the crusted snow.

He kept his way close along the railroad track, fearing to lose his way should he venture aside. The anxiety and strain of the long trip was very tiring, and it seemed almost hours before the sight of an opaque object rising ahead told him that he was nearing the train. Not a light shone from any of the windows, and Ben's heart began to thump violently as he thought what might happen if they had indeed all been drugged, as Rock's words implied, and he should not be able to rouse them.

There were two cars—a passenger and an express—the latter between the sleeper and the engine, and as this was where the money would probably be, Ben determined to direct here his efforts for rousing the party. From the snow

Ben could almost reach the top of the car, so deep the track lay between the piled-up drifts. It did not take him an instant to lay aside his shoes and drop on to the platform of the baggage car.

Taking one of the shoes, he beat stoutly on the door with all his strength. It seemed a long time to him before a sound within rewarded his effort; but presently low tones were heard inside, and a voice called out to him:

"What is wanted outside there? Is it you, Sam?"

"No. It's Ben Holden," replied the boy, "and I want to speak to the conductor or somebody. I've come to tell you that this train is going to be robbed tonight."

There was the sound of a hurried consultation inside; then the door was opened cautiously and some one drew Ben inside the car.

It did not take him five minutes to tell his story, and both the paymaster and his aid, the detective, applauded the boy warmly for his brave effort in their behalf.

"We will be ready for them now when they come. If they had taken us by surprise, no one can tell what might have happened before we were roused. The first thing to do is to wake Jim and Hanly, and have all our force together. Lucky for us there is time, or they would have overpowered the others without an effort, and left two of us to fight against five."

The conductor, who with the engineer was in the sleeping car, was already awake and dressed, having heard Ben's clamor. But they had difficult work to arouse the engineer. He was the only one of them who had consented to partake of the liquor which had been sent through the treacherous Smith for their undoing, and it was only after

vigorous efforts that they succeeded in thoroughly rousing him. When he finally sensed what had happened, his shame and self-reproach knew no bounds.

"I've had a lesson," he said, "and deserved a worse one. I've always prided myself on never taking liquor except when I was off duty; but we never know what emergency may find us unprepared, and I don't think I'll ever put it into Satan's power to put me in such a place again. Why, if you'd all been as big fools as I've been, the boy might have tried all night and never waked us. It's like putting one's self in chains to indulge such a habit any time, and I shan't let myself be caught again."

An hour had passed, and they were all together in the express car, the doors barred and locked, and each man armed and ready for the threatened attack. As the engineer stopped speaking, the detective suddenly whispered:

"Hush!"

And no sooner had the word been uttered than there came a sound as of a file or instrument of some kind scraping at the lock of the door.

"We may as well let them know we are ready for them," said the conductor.

The others agreed, and the detective raised his voice and asked:

"Who is it outside there?"

There was a sound of low voices outside for a moment; then a voice called out:

"You can take your choice, you fellows inside there: Open and save yourselves, or wait till we come in and fill you with bullets."

No reply was made to this, and presently there came a heavy crash outside, as if heavy axes were being

struck on the door, a crash, too, which sounded dangerously effective.

"It's time to act," said the detective, "if we don't want to die like rats in a trap."

There was a sharp click as the four men cocked their rifles. Ben, crouching in the further end of the car behind the safe, held his breath as he heard a low, quick word of command from the detective. The next moment the car was filled with the din of their successive shots.

The worst details of the affair Ben never knew. All that was clear to him on that terrible night after all was over, was that not a man inside the car had been harmed, while the sudden cessation of the attack outside indicated that some among them had been seriously enough hurt to necessitate their withdrawal from the place without accomplishing their object.

It was daybreak before the men who were with him considered it safe to venture forth, and when they did so, not a sign was seen of those who had made the attack. Some significant traces they found, however, of their presence, which they were careful to conceal from Ben's eyes. Though the boy was eager to return to Judith, knowing her anxiety concerning himself, the others would not allow him to do so, fearing the result should his brother-in-law lay hands upon him before they were ready to place him in restraint. Only when the sound of a familiar whistle sounded an hour after, telling them that the relief train for which they had sent was close at hand, did they deem it safe to leave the car which contained the money. Those on the new train it was who brought the news that had been told

them back at the station—that Rock Deyton had been found at his own door, fatally injured from a shot which he would not account for, and at dawn had breathed his last.

Though the event left a sorrowful impression upon the minds of the brother and sister, it was no lasting grief that they had to suffer, for both had borne too much at the hands of the man who had tortured them to experience deep sorrow at the release which his death brought to both, though they sincerely mourned that he should have so sinned to deserve such an unhappy fate. When they were with warm-hearted friends, far away from the scene of their worst trials, it was not hard to forget their sorrowful past.

Judith keeps house with Ben now in a cosy little home bought with their own money; for on the day after that eventful night, the superintendent of the railway, who had come out with the engine sent to the relief of the blockaded train, handed to Ben a check for fifteen hundred dollars, the reward for his brave deed in saving the property of the company, and undoubtedly the lives of those to whose care it had been entrusted.

Josephine Spencer.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.

THE man who cannot enjoy his natural gifts in silence, and find his reward in the exercise of them, but must wait and hope for their recognition by others, must expect to reap only disappointment and vexation.

TIO JUAN.

Tio Juan (uncle John) was our cook and general roustabout: and we—Wilson and I—were a couple of prospectors, wasting our time, strength and substance in a vain search for a "pay streak" among the limestone ribs of the Gila mountains.

I don't think any other "outfit" was ever blessed with such a *chef* as Tio Juan. I do not mean that his culinary skill was unapproachable, though he could boil *frijoles* to perfection, his *chili con carne* was something to be held in grateful remembrance, and his *pan de mice* (corn bread), despite its being baked in a skillet, was so good that no scrap of it ever fell to the lot of a wandering coyote.

It is very probable that Tio Juan would not have been tolerated in the kitchen of the White House, and I am certain that his ragged overalls and generally unkempt state would have got him into limbo had he ventured to introduce himself to the sleek *chef* of an Astor or a Vanderbilt.

Yet he suited us well enough, and as long as he managed to "dish up" enough "grub" to fill our very hungry mouths, we did not trouble ourselves to criticise him because he sometimes forgot to wash his hands before stirring the dough with them; nor did we pause to consider such trivial incidents as occasional rocks in the beans, small flotillas of dead herbage and pine needles swimming in the coffee, etc. No, we were not critical; and I firmly believe old Tio understood and appreciated our delicacy in that respect, and, in truth, did his level best for us.

We first foregathered with Tio Juan in the old border town of Nogales, where we had stopped to recuperate

after a year of fruitless lode hunting in the neighboring state of Sonora.

One day while walking down the foul-smelling, narrow main street of the little 'dobe town, Wilson drew my attention to a figure squatting against the wall of a *pulqueria* (Mexican saloon), a mess of rags, and tatters, and filth, that resembled a scare-crow rather than anything human.

"Would you think that thing had ever been a man?" queried my friend, with a sonorous snort of disgust.

My interest somewhat aroused, I looked more closely, and saw that the heap of foul-smelling rags was crowned by a head—a head that, save for the filth, and squalor, and drunken degradation in which its wretched owner cowered, might have been termed venerable. A mass of matted gray locks fell about a wrinkled and time-seamed face, out of which a pair of black eyes, still sharp and piercing despite their owner's evident age, flashed a look at us as we passed by.

A few steps further, and a slight touch on my shoulder from behind caused me to wheel quickly. The scare-crow confronted me with shaking, outstretched hand.

"*Que quieres* (what do you want)?" I asked sharply in Spanish.

The scare-crow wilted for a moment; then bringing his face so close to mine that his *mescal*-laden breath almost nauseated me, while his wrinkled visage contorted itself into a smile half-wheeling, half-confident, he begged for alms.

For a moment unutterable disgust deprived me of the power to reply. Then, to my utter surprise, Wilson answered for me in a strain such as I had never dreamed him capable of.

"Tio," he said kindly, laying his hand on the old Mexican's shoulder,

"why do you make a pig of yourself drinking *mescal*. You are very old; and what is a vice in a young man becomes a crime in one of your years."

The scare-crow's withered features softened as though by magic, a couple of attenuated tears welled from his eyes and trickled down his cheeks, and he slowly withdrew his outstretched hand. Then he drew himself up like a soldier about to salute, a faint gleam of something very much like pride crept into his eyes, and I began to think that, after all, the scare-crow might still possess some remnant of manhood.

"Senor," he replied, in perfect Spanish, "you do not understand. You are young; you have friends; you have hope. And I—I am very old, and I have nothing left to me, senor, nothing but *mescal*. That at least warms the heart, and makes me feel young again for a little while."

There was a pathos in his tones, and a refinement in his diction so utterly at variance with his general appearance, that I was strangely moved and I immediately ceased to regard him as a human scare-crow. Instead, I beheld in him that saddest of all sad things—a one-time gentleman degraded by drink to a level lower than that of the beasts.

Then, moved by a sudden impulse, I did something of which I should not before have thought myself capable; though I believe I should feel a more worthy man today were a round score of such actions placed to my credit. Perhaps Wilson's attitude was contagious. I invited the aged inebriate to accompany us to our rooms.

I am sure I did not have any definite object in inviting the pleasure of Tio's company to our quarters, yet when we arrived there, Wilson and I both seemed to be actuated by the same spirit.

While I purloined our good landlady's wash tub, a bar of soap and a towel, my philanthropic partner dived into his only "grip" and selected from his scanty wardrobe a clean shirt, overalls, and a coat still fit for service. Then we retired, leaving Tio to his ablutions and a complete change of raiment. When we returned an hour later, the soap had vanished, and with it had departed a large measure of Tio's squalid appearance. Then we heard his tale,—the old, old story of the millions who have attempted to drown sorrow, loneliness and despair in the wine-cup. In his youth he had been an officer in the Mexican army. He had fought against us at Palo Alto and Chapultepec; and had been dispelled from his regiment in disgrace some years later. For what cause we did not ask him, neither did we care. He was old, even as we might expect to be some day, yet more friendless than ever I should care to find myself when the gray shadows of the Beyond draw near.

And that is how Tio Juan came to be our cook, while we prospected for the "root of all evil" in the Gila mountains.

The 10th of August found us working like beavers under the broiling southern sun.

The day before, while aimlessly washing a few panfuls of gravel on a river bar—I say aimlessly because we had not the slightest expectation of finding anything—Wilson peered into the bottom of the pan, and then gave a shout that brought me to his side in a hurry. He had found two small nuggets—not of any great value, certainly, for the largest was slightly smaller than a good-sized bean. But there must be more where these came from, and we went to work in earnest. Before sunset

we were some hundreds of dollars richer and our hopes for the morrow were proportionately high. We had stumbled upon a pocket of the precious yellow stuff, probably deposited there by an eddy during high water and we began to feel as though our fortunes were already made.

But our visions of sudden wealth were rudely dispelled next day, when Tio, who had been engaged in sorting some beans on the bank above us, came to the brink with wild alarm stamped all over his wrinkled face. He spoke but two words—"Los Apaches!"—yet those were amply sufficient to make us drop shovel and pan and rush to his side.

Yes, there they were—ten—twelve—fifteen of them, and surely Apaches.

There was no mistaking them for Navajos, for it was over twenty years since a Navajo had ridden in that guise, painted and plumed for bloodshed and outrage. They were not more than half a mile away, and my heart sank within me as they swept up the valley in all the wild panoply of savage warfare. What chance had we three, I asked myself, against yonder aggregation of subtle deviltry.

I turned to look at Wilson, and saw that his face was dark with despair.

"Frank," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder with an affectionate touch, "I am afraid we shall not live to turn in our nuggets at the mint. But we will make a fight for it anyway. Let us take our guns and seek a refuge among the boulders yonder, at the base of the cliff. It is the only place where we can hope to stand them off."

Our camp was in a narrow part of the valley, where the hills came down to within a hundred yards of the water on either side. On the right bank, directly

opposite us, stood a high granite cliff, somewhat overhanging at the top, while the ground at its base was dotted with boulders, some of which must have weighed several tons.

There was no time to lose in gaining our refuge. Each man grabbed whatever he could most conveniently carry, and we started on a run across the narrow valley. Our appearance was the signal for a volley of wild yells, and a mad whipping and spurring on the part of our enemies, as they endeavored to cut us off. A few bullets whistled harmlessly about us, but we ran our best and gained the rock in safety.

Then we began to study the situation, and the more we viewed it, the more our chances seemed to diminish. It is true our position was almost impregnable, and the Apache seldom ventures to carry a well-defended point with a rush: yet four or five days would be amply sufficient to starve us out of it.

"You brought the water-keg as I told you, Tio?" I enquired nervously.

"*Pobrecito mio*, senor, in my fright I forgot it," the old man returned, hanging his head dejectedly.

A wave of anger surged up within me, and I was about to censure him soundly, when a look from Wilson checked me.

"No matter," he said quietly, "it will only bring things to an issue a few hours sooner. Besides, one of us two should have brought the keg. It would have been too heavy for Tio, anyway." My reply was drowned in a scattering volley that spent itself harmlessly on our granite bulwarks. The attack had commenced, and we were besieged in earnest.

I will not attempt to describe how that day passed with us, except to say

that the reflection of the sun's rays from the hot rock at our backs filled us with a torturing thirst, from which we could hope for no relief.

About four o'clock our first catastrophe occurred. Wilson stealthily poked his head from behind his shelter, a dozen shots greeted the act, and one of them, more badly aimed than the rest, glanced from an adjacent boulder and ploughed into his hip.

He bore his suffering manfully until the pain and added thirst made him delirious, and then his constant refrain was water! *water!* WATER!

At nightfall, his agony was so intense that I determined to risk a trip to the river. Water he must have, or die; and an hour after dark, I made my preparations and looked around for the keg. It was gone, and old Tio with it! Then I laid down beside my wounded friend, and peered anxiously out into the darkness. All was quiet for some time—perhaps an hour—so still, and calm, and peaceful, that it was hard to believe a dozen lurking assassins crouched in the shadows below us.

Suddenly a zig-zag line of dazzling flame ran along the bush on the river bank, followed by a few scattering flashes like the irregular flitting of fire-flies through the gloom. Ere the awakened echoes had died away, I heard a deep groan and the fall of some heavy object a few yards in front of our position. Creeping stealthily out, I came upon Tio, lying in a heap on the ground, with one arm tightly clasped about the keg of water, while with the forefinger of the other hand he endeavored to stop up a bullet hole, through which the precious fluid slowly leaked.

I would have carried him into the shelter, but he bade me in a cautious

whisper to take the keg, and he would follow.

After ministering to my partner's thirst, I struck a light and examined Tio's wounds, despite his protestations. Poor old Tio! the mortal tenement was shattered beyond repair. Yet as I sat and held his nerveless hand in the darkness, it was somehow borne in upon me that his noble self-sacrifice would presently reap a rich reward—that in his effort to procure a few drops wherewith to moisten the parched tongue of the man who had shown him some small kindness, his own spirit had been regenerated and fitted to drink of the waters of Eternal Life.

He died in the gray dawn; and when, some hours later, a troop of cavalry, in hot pursuit of the marauders, swept up to our rescue, we buried him where he lay, feeling that his sublime self-negation had made that spot the most sacred and fitting place of sepulture within our reach.

Alan Clifford.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SALT LAKE VALLEY.

When one's thoughts are concentrated in silent contemplation upon the early historical events connected with this valley and its pioneers, does it not fill his heart and soul with emotion, with lamentation, and with admiration?

And does it not arouse him to his sense of duty, and make him exclaim and feel that surely God's blessings are now being poured upon us in number and in a manner that we hardly deserve?

Students of the present and all future time will see the unique, the marvelous, the pathetic and the heroic, all as elements entering largely into the history of Salt Lake City and valley.

The reason for this, for the manner in which this valley and this state were settled, is due to peculiar circumstances, to that oft repeated saying, "Religious freedom." What a world of meaning those two words possess! What an ocean of tears and sufferings they have caused!

The early settlers of this valley, before they came here, believed certain principles to be facts, revealed to them by the Creator of all. For this they were mobbed and plundered, hunted and driven by bloodthirsty men from one state to another, having to leave behind them their homes, their possessions, their public buildings and temples, even in some cases their sick and their dying. Tongue cannot utter nor can words convey thoughts that would give one the least conception of how they were compelled to suffer.

But they honestly believed that

When Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares or sharp affliction sends,
We must conclude it best, it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.

Therefore, they submitted with humble hearts till 'twas time to commence that almost endless, trackless journey, which led unto peace and happiness. At last persecution became so grievous and insufferable that they were forced to leave in the depth of winter and wander in the western wilderness, attempting to make that journey over those immense prairies, those barren sage plains, those sterile lands and Rocky Mountains, that they might gather into that valley which is hidden up in the bosom of the mountains "on the tops of the everlasting hills," and rear a temple to the Lord God of Israel, where they might hear the word of Him, and know His will concerning them, still believing and asking

But mercies in disguise? the alternate cup,
 Medical though bitter, is prepared
 By love's own hand for salutary ends.

Again language fails in the attempt to convey to one a knowledge of the hardships and privations that accompanied those heart-stricken people on their journey to this valley.

Hardly had they commenced their journey when the United States government asked for five hundred volunteers from their midst to enlist for one year in the army to fight Mexican forces. Is it not surprising, and does it not reveal the patriotism that was born in them, when you are told that they went?

To fight for that same government
 From which as fugitives they went.

 What were their families to do—
 Their children, wives, and mothers, too,
 When fathers, husbands, sons were gone?
 Mothers drove teams, and camps moved on.

But let us leave these scenes and awe inspiring incidents of travel, imagining that which would have to occur in crossing rivers and mountains, woods and valleys, for a distance of fourteen hundred miles of wild, trackless country, where the tread of the wild beast and the war-whoop of the Indian greeted them on every hand, by giving the thoughts of the Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCullough:

"One can hardly repress a feeling of admiration for their courage, patience and power of endurance, which they displayed in their march, the most wonderful of which there is a record, from Missouri over the trackless desert, with their wives and little ones, the aged, the sick and the infirm, in search of a home where they could enjoy, without molestation, the faith they had embraced."

On the morning of July 24th, 1847, nature sees the little band of one hun-

dred and forty-three exiled pilgrims near the mouth of Emigration Canyon, on an elevated spot, from which they could see the valley below them, or, in fact, the desert.

"This," said Brigham Young, "is the appointed place for us to build a city and erect a temple; it is the place I saw in my vision," or words to that effect. Some, weary and heart-sick by their journey, were far from being satisfied with the barren desert. The words of Sister Harriet Young express the thoughts of many: "Weak and weary as I am, I would rather go a thousand miles farther than remain in such a forsaken place as this." Surely it must have appeared forsaken when, as they scanned the distant valley, not a tree of any kind could be seen, nothing but dreary wastes of alkaline plains. The few trappers they met laughed at the idea of a colony subsisting in such a region. The well-known mountaineer, James Bridger, was so sanguine the task was an impossible one, that he offered to give one thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised in the valley. But, nevertheless, it was a comfort to them to think that they were at least away from the mobocrats of their former homes.

As soon as they arrived, the place was consecrated and dedicated to the Lord. As soon as this ceremony was ended and they had returned thanks vocally to God in heaven, plows were at once tearing up the ground and seeds were placed in mother earth for reproduction. One-half hour after their arrival President Woodruff was hard at work cultivating the soil, thus revealing at once his character.

That evening the then tilled grounds were given a good soaking by turning the water upon them. This was the

birth of that successful and most important means of watering the crops planted by man, without which a large majority of the people west of the Mississippi River would realize a famine almost as often as they live during the months of December and January. It was the birth of the most successful means of irrigation, which has caused thousands of men to congregate together and endeavor to establish it in their own states or vicinities.

It was the birth of a system which has made Utah and her people renowned throughout this western half of the civilized world.

Sunday was a day of rest, a day of rejoicing before the Lord; His Spirit was abundantly poured out upon them and peace, happiness and rejoicings and bright dreams of the future dwelt in the "valley of the mountains."

On the morning of the 27th Brigham Young and several others went on a short exploring tour. They traveled to the Lake. Here they walked out on Black Rock, now an island, without entering the water; thus we see that the waters of the Lake have risen since then.

The first white babe that was born in Utah opened its eyes on Monday, August 9, 1847, just two weeks and two days after the arrival of the pioneers. It was a girl, the daughter of John and Catherine Campbell Steele, who were living in a tent on the Temple Block. She was named Young Elizabeth Steele, after President Young and Queen Elizabeth.

As early as October, 1847, only three months after their arrival, a school was taught in the "Old Fort," by Miss Mary Dilworth, age sixteen years. She opened her school, having pieces of logs for seats and an old pioneer table for a

desk. Other schools were soon organized. The first Sabbath School was opened in the Fourteenth Ward of Salt Lake City, in December, 1849. These were the educational beginnings of Utah.

During the winter of 1847-8 the Saints suffered considerable with cold. It was not an uncommon thing for a woman to stand by the fire with an umbrella in her hand to prevent the rain from dripping upon her. But at last the spring of 1848 came, with a fair promise of excellent crops. Over five thousand acres of land were under cultivation, nine hundred of which had been sown with winter wheat, which had just sprouted above the ground.

At this time Parley P. Pratt made this remark: "Here life is as sweet as the holidays, as merry as in the Christian palaces and mansions of those who drove us to the mountains." While things seemed so bright and encouraging, there suddenly came from the mountains myriads of crickets. It was a terrible surprise, as it was unexpected. The crops were threatened with utter destruction, and a famine with all its terrors was about to come upon them. The crickets now swarmed in among the green wheat. As these black pests ate their way across the fields they left nothing behind them. Every effort was made to drive them away, but to no purpose.

Just at this critical time, when destruction seemed so nigh, flocks of gulls came from the Lake and lit on the fields. Came they to devour what remained untouched? No, but to prevent total destruction. They declared war upon the pests. All day long they ate and gorged, and when full would disgorge and feast again. They did this until they had ridded the pioneers

of their enemies. Was not this a manifestation of special care?

During the months of the scarcity of food, the settlers had to be fed on rations. They were forced to dig sego and thistle roots to sustain life. Various kinds of wild vegetation were used for "greens." The settlers boiled their raw hides, from which a soup was made. This was drunk with great relish. Many tasted not the "staff of life" for many weeks.

Shortly after the harvesting time in 1848, Brother Thomas Bullock, Clerk of the Camp of Israel, said: "We can raise more and better wheat to the acre in this valley than in any place any of us ever saw; and the same with all other grains, vegetables, etc., that we have tried."

"One thing wonderful for all you Englishmen to know," said a pioneer in a letter to a friend in England, "is, we have no land to buy nor sell; no lawyers wanting to make out titles, conveyances, stamps, or parchment. We have found a place where the land is acknowledged to belong unto the Lord, and the Saints, being His people, are entitled to as much as they can plant, take care of, and will sustain their families with food." On January 1, 1849, the first one dollar bill of Utah currency was signed by Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Thomas Bullock; and on the 22nd inst. the first typesetting in the west was done by President Brigham Young and Thomas Bullock, when setting it to print the fifty cent bills of Utah paper money.

During the year 1849, hundreds of people passed through this valley en route for the western El Dorado. In so doing the prophecy of Heber C. Kimball was fulfilled, for he said, more than a year before, in the presence of a large

congregation of the Saints, that before three years should elapse, "States goods" would be sold cheaper in Salt Lake City than in the Eastern States. The gold-seekers, having heard that other people had set out for California by sea and had reached there before them, sold their goods and provisions for a trifle in order to lighten their loads. They were known to give three heavy wagons and a pair of oxen for a lighter wagon.

A slight earthquake shock was felt in Salt Lake City on February 22, 1850. An important local event, in the summer of 1850, was the first issue of the *Deseret Evening News*—then a small, weekly paper—was issued on the 15th of June, with Willard Richards as its editor. The press with which it was printed was a small, wrought iron Ramage hand-press.

On the twenty-third anniversary of the Church, April 6, 1853, amid shouts of joy, sermons, and songs of praise, the four corner-stones of our magnificent Temple at Salt Lake City were laid. The poverty of the people, and the difficulty of obtaining building material, most of the granite from which it is constructed having to be hauled by ox teams a distance of twenty miles, are the reasons given for the long time it has taken to build it.

A "Spanish wall" was built around the city in the year 1853. It was twelve feet high, six feet wide at the base, tapering to two feet six inches. It was nine miles in length, and it was built to protect the settlers from the Indians.

During the early years of the settlement there was a depression in business every winter. It required so long a time to bring the goods here from the East that the greater portion of the

goods were all sold by Christmas, and the market was consequently bare of them until spring time, when a further supply could be made, while the prices of the imported articles were so great that to us they seem fabulous. Wheat was as high as five and six dollars a bushel, and flour commanded prices ranging from twelve to twenty-five dollars per one hundred pounds. The prices of other things were proportionately large. For three months the *Deseret Evening News* was not published, because they had no paper here.

Since then there have been but few things of great interest connected with this valley as a valley, except that it has grown in population, wealth and talent to a wonderful extent.

The portion of Salt Lake Valley lying within the boundaries of Salt Lake County is beautifully situated in the "bosom of the mountains," surrounded by the "everlasting hills," with the mighty Rockies filled with hidden treasures, lying on the east, with the winding Jordan silently running through its center, as the Jordan in the Holy Land; and the Oquirrh mountains on the west, with part of the Great Salt Lake forming part of its boundary, like unto the Dead Sea of Palestine. It is filled with peace and happiness, dotted with little homes and farm houses, and cultivated from the length and breadth of its borders.

The mountains and hills surrounding it are filled with the natural curiosities of geology, containing a very large variety of fossiliferous remains, with a portion of rock (granite) having been made in the oldest or archæa era of creat on.

All the minerals that have contributed to the wealth of other communities, excepting perhaps coal, are found

in Salt Lake Valley, in great abundance, and are unusually easy of excess. It is the richest county in Utah.

Of the variety of springs in Utah, the most noted and best known are those (warm and hot, so called) in this valley. The waters are limpid, and smell strongly of sulphureted hydrogen. They have a temperature of from ninety-five to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The waters will cure many diseases, notably paralytic, rheumatic and scrofulous.

None but those who have lived here in this valley can realize what a healthful, enjoyable climate we have here. The mean summer temperature is about 74 deg.; but on account of the dry and rare atmosphere it is not more oppressive than at the sea level when the thermometer indicates five degrees lower. Although the mercury often reads ninety deg. in July and August, sunstroke is almost unknown. The mean temperature in winter is 32 deg. F., and the Salt Laker is generally enjoying himself while the Eastern railroads are all blockaded up by snow, and the mercury at the chief centers of population day after day reads from fifteen to thirty degrees below zero. A residence here is worth the while, solely for the agreeableness of the climate.

The natural tendency of wealth has been and is to concentrate here, where the capital of the territory is, and trade has come with it hand in hand.

It has many industries, the most important of which are the soap factories, the woolen mills, hat factories, shoe factories, carriage shops, harness shops, cracker factories, box factories, broom factories, mattress factories, tailoring business, grocery business, printing, and book-binding, lithographing, lumber

business, glass factory, meat business, flour mills, mining and farming industries, stock and fruit industries, etc.

George S. Gibbs.

THE STORY OF THREE TUNNELS.

My brain was on fire. I felt choking as I walked away from the office. Dismissed as a thief! I, the son of a man whose very name was still held sacred for his honor and integrity; oh, it was too much.

For three years I had been in an office in Edinburgh, and prided myself I was getting on fairly well. I did my work honestly and faithfully, and all seemed going smoothly when Mr. Heron, my employer, took a strange and unaccountable dislike to me. I tried to persuade myself I was mistaken, but the pleasanter I tried to be the more distant he became.

Things went on like this for about three months, till one day I was called into my principal's sanctum and dismissed. Of course, I demanded an immediate explanation. Mr. Heron sneered, and my blood began to boil. I felt as if I could have killed him as he said:

"No heroics, if you please, Blair, but thank your stars I am not to prosecute; for your widowed mother's sake I refrain, but not another day do you stay here."

"Mr. Heron," I began, as calmly as my indignation would permit me, "I demand to know what you dismiss me for?"

"For theft," he answered curtly. "For months it has been going on. Everything pointed to you as the culprit, but I was loth to believe that the son of William Blair could have fallen so low, but this day has proved it."

"In what way?" I enquired, sarcastically.

Mr. Heron's face flushed angrily—more at my tone than my words, I think.

"You have overreached yourself this time," he said. "The check you so cleverly forged my name to was suspected. As a rule one uses his checks straightforward, and it would have answered your purpose better had you not clumsily supposed it would avert suspicion, and used the last in the book."

In vain I protested—threatened—demanded a clear explanation. Mr. Heron simply ignored my request, and sternly pointed to the door.

"Go," he said, "and never darken my door again. Once your father befriended me, and for the memory of that I let you go free."

Mr. Heron's stern face is the last thing I distinctly remember. I have a hazy recollection of putting on my coat and hat, walking through the outer office amongst the clerks, who eyed me curiously, and of walking the whole length of Princes Street. I could not realize what had happened; it came upon me with such a shock that I felt dazed and stupid.

Suddenly I thought of Murdoch. Murdoch was a lawyer in Glasgow. We had been fast friends since the day we both entered the same office—raw, country lads we were, too. From the very first we drew together. We shared the same rooms for three years, then Murdoch left for Glasgow, and I remained with Mr. Heron. I resolved at once to go to Murdoch, tell him the whole story, and get his advice.

I could not go home; my mother would have broken her heart to know her only son was suspected of being a

thief. I turned my steps to the Waverley Station and took train for Glasgow, via Polmont. By this time my head was aching, and I was thankful to lean back on the cushions and shut my eyes. My fellow-passengers were an old lady, with a curious black bonnet—something like the ones worn by the Sisters of Mercy; an old, foreign-looking gentleman; a young mother with two little children; and a plain-looking, quietly-dressed girl, who was seated in the corner opposite me. My head was throbbing frightfully, and I lay back intending to sleep if possible.

But just as we emerged from the first tunnel I was roused from my lethargy by a curious change that had taken place. I could have sworn that when I entered the train at Edinburgh the carriage contained but two children—now there were three. I puzzled over the third child till my brain ached. I rubbed my eyes, shut them, looked again, but no, there sat the third child grinning at me in an idiotic fashion.

Suddenly the old lady with the black hood dived underneath her cloak and stealthily produced a long dagger. I started violently, and was about to say something, when, to my horror, we entered the second tunnel. I heard a muffled groan, then a dull thud, and when once more we emerged into daylight the old gentleman was gone.

The old fiend in the black hood looked at me sardonically and smiled. An icy finger seemed laid on my heart—I could not speak—I could not move. I looked wildly at the other passengers, and they seemed paralyzed with horror.

At the next station the young mother and her children hurried out; but the young girl opposite me seemed glued to her seat, and gazed at me with terror in her face. I was about to open the door

and go into another compartment when the train moved off, and we were alone once more with the maniac.

We were fast approaching the last tunnel, when the old woman looked furtively at me, pointed to her dagger, then to the defenceless girl in the corner. But I could not see her butchered in that cold-blooded way, and I stood up to wrest the dagger from the mad woman. But just as I got to my feet we entered the third tunnel. I rushed to the window to feel for the cord to alarm the conductor; but I was dragged back and thrown violently to the floor, and I remembered no more.

* * * * *

When I regained consciousness I was in a strange room. It was dusk, and everything had a dim-like look, but gradually my eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I saw a girl seated in an arm-chair, gazing into the fire. I had seen her before, but where I could not remember.

"Where am I?" I asked her, as she glanced across to the bed. As I spoke she started violently, and came across to the bedside.

"You are with friends," she said, "but you must not speak, you will know all about it when you are a little better."

"Have I been ill?" I enquired.

"Yes," she replied; "very ill, but you are now out of danger." Just then the door opened, and the doctor entered.

"Well, young man," he said, grimly, "so we are to pull you through after all."

"Doctor," I began eagerly, "tell me how all this happened. Where am I? Who brought me here?"

"Just you let all these questions rest for the present," replied the doctor. "Try and sleep, and rest with the assur-

ance that all is well—tomorrow, if you are strong enough, you shall be enlightened.

I was too weak to protest. A feeling of rest and peace gradually stole over me, and I fell asleep.

Next morning I felt very much stronger, and gradually memory returned. I remembered perfectly my cruel dismissal, my leaving for Glasgow, the blood-curdling episodes of the journey, then a blank till my awakening in my present position—what was in between was a mystery to me, and by the time the doctor arrived I was in a perfect fever of impatience. At last he entered the room, and I began at once. "Doctor," I said, "now you must tell me what has happened. I shall never get well till I know the meaning of this."

For answer the doctor seated himself by the bedside and took my hand.

"Young man," he began, "didn't I tell you not to trouble yourself about anything?"

"Yes, doctor," I answered, "but I can't help troubling myself. It you only knew——"

"I know all about it," interrupted he, "and you just lie quiet till I tell you. You left Mr. Heron's office on the 21st of June, exactly seven weeks ago."

"Seven weeks!" I shouted, incredulously, sitting up in sheer amazement.

"Lie down at once," said the doctor, sharply, "or you'll hear no more. You left the office, as I said, seven weeks ago, took train for Glasgow, fainted in the carriage, and here you are."

"And what about the old man who was murdered?" I enquired. The doctor stared.

"What old man?" he asked, in surprise.

Then I related the experiences of that awful journey to him. The doctor list-

ened patiently till I had finished, then said:

"My dear fellow, you have had a very severe attack of brain fever—it must have been begun even then. There was certainly no murder. Miss Arneston was traveling from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and in the last tunnel you brushed past her, intending, she thought, to throw yourself from the window. By a superhuman effort she pulled you back, and on arriving at Buchanan Street, you being in a dead faint, she called a cab, and, like a sensible girl, brought you direct to her mother's house.

"They knew nothing about you for over a week, then I noticed a paragraph in the papers about the mysterious disappearance of a young man. As the description given answered exactly to you, I communicated with a Mr. Heron, who was advertising in all the papers for you, and also with a Mr. Murdoch, who has been here every day. Now, Mr. Heron can explain the rest himself."

"Mr. Heron," I repeated, in amazement, as the doctor rose.

"I promised to telegraph whenever you were well enough to see him. I did so this morning, and he arrived an hour ago, accompanied by your mother, who has also been ill."

The doctor left the room, and in a few minutes returned with Mr. Heron and my mother.

Mother burst into tears, and Mr. Heron seemed deeply moved.

"John Blair," he said, huskily, "I have come to beg your forgiveness. I shall explain shortly how it all happened, meantime it is enough to know that all is cleared up, and I shall strive to atone to you for what you have suffered."

I was about to speak, when the doctor

coolly ordered me to hold my tongue and try and go to sleep.

I mended rapidly after this. Mother and Miss Arneston nursed me, and in another week I was sitting at the fireside.

One afternoon Mr. Heron appeared. Mother rose and left the room—evidently knowing he had come to talk.

Mr. Heron had a painful story to tell me. For a long time his only son had been living a very fast life. Again and again Mr. Heron paid his debts, but at length he refused him everything save his allowance, which was a handsome one. By dint of careful planning, John Heron had got access to his father's room, and by means of a false key had opened his desk, and, of course, in a very short time everything was in confusion. But his last act was the most atrocious. Not only had he forged his father's name, but by cleverly laid plans he fixed the blame on me. By means of leaving scraps of paper purposely torn up in my room, a blotting-pad with his father's name many times there, and many other trivial ways, suspicion could hardly fail to rest on me.

But John Heron's reckless life had had a sad ending. Only the day after my dismissal he had been out driving with a party of young fellows as wild and reckless as himself. The horse bolted—one young man was killed on the spot.

John lived long enough to tell his father of his cowardly crime, and obtain his forgiveness.

Mr. Heron finished his tale with bowed head and husky voice, and my heart ached for the old man in his trouble.

Nothing more was said, and in a few weeks I was back in the office. But somehow business seemed to take me

pretty often to Glasgow. Murdoch gave me many a sly hit; he had guessed my secret at once, for Margaret Arneston's plain face was the one face in the world to me.

By and by Mr. Heron saw how matters stood, and soon I had a snug little home to offer Margaret. The subject of the check was never again mentioned between us, but I was repaid over and over again for the agony I had endured in the three tunnels.

C. S.

ANIMALS USED IN MEDICINE.

It is an interesting fact, which, perhaps, but few stop to consider when about to swallow a doctor's prescription, that the animal kingdom affords many most useful and powerful remedies in the treatment of disease.

From the horns and bones of various animals may be procured, by distillation, muriate of ammonia, commonly used in medicines for both internal and external use; from burnt bones comes phosphate of soda, so valuable in physic; and prussic acid, used medicinally as one of the most powerful narcotic substances, may be obtained from animal matter in a state of decomposition.

The number of animal oils and fats used in medicine are extremely numerous. Large quantities of oil are obtained in Tasmania from the mutton-bird, and used as a liniment for rheumatism; while the fat of the frigate-bird is said to be an excellent specific for sciatica. Cod-liver oil is too well known to bear more than mention; and the oil got from the dugong, an aquatic monster related to the whale tribe, has a high reputation as a substitute for that obtained from the smaller fry of the cod. From six to fourteen gallons of

this medicinal oil can be taken out of a single animal.

Spermaceti, which is often used internally in catarrh and other affections, as well as in the form of ointments for wounds and excoriations of the skin, is obtained from the head of another monster of the whale kind, which abounds in the South Seas; while the highly esteemed ambergris is only a condition of disease in the same animal.

The beaver yields a secretion known as castor or castoreum, a powerful antispasmodic medicine commonly used in cases of hysteria; and the well-known aromatic substance, musk—which, besides being used for toilet purposes, is, in combination with other drugs, also frequently used as a remedy in hysteria and epilepsy—is the secretion of a small kind of goat found in the mountainous parts of Asia.

The substance known as pepsine, now most extensively prescribed as a remedy in all forms of dyspepsia, is nothing more than the gastric juice of the pig, and prepared, according to the directions of the Pharmacopœia, by scraping it from the stomach of the newly killed hog with a blunt knife.

Many valuable medicinal properties were formerly attributed to those substances known as bezoar stones, morbid concretions found in the stomach of certain animals, particularly the camel. They consist chiefly of lithofellic acid, and are still used in medicine by Hindu doctors.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the *materia medica* of greater value, or more extensively beneficial, than certain species of insects.

Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical purposes than those beautiful, shining, green-colored insects known as blistering beetles or

cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends. They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine. Tons of these insects are yearly imported, principally from Southern Europe.

The cochineal insect is in some cases also recognized as a medicine, and at one time had a reputation for wonderful virtues. Honey and wax, often used in pharmacy, are insect products; while galls, used in medicine for their astringent properties, and the gallic and tannic acid they furnish, are also the work of insects.

Carbonate and phosphate of lime prepared from crab shells, and various other calcareous substances derived from the animal kingdom, such as burnt egg-shells and oyster-shells, were long employed in medicine to remove acidity of the digestive organs.

The presence of that valuable substance, iodine, in various zoophytes caused them to be employed in medicine with great success in the removal of tumors; and formerly burnt sponge, also containing iodine, was much used in prescriptions.

From the safety of their operation in blood letting, the leech has been used for more than two thousand years; and in many cases doctors could hardly dispense with their use.

The application of animals and animal substances to the cure of disease has prevailed from the earliest times, though the greater part of such remedies, until recent times, have been founded on either fantastic or superstitious notions.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH.

IT is true of individuals as of nations, that the hunger and thirst and struggle for mere wealth contributes in no degree to greatness and never yet brought power, even though the coveted riches may have been secured. Of course wealth in itself is a means of power—money is a useful servant; properly obtained and properly used it may be made the instrument by which great good can be accomplished. But it is a bad master; it makes its slaves grasping, mean and unhappy; even where their tastes are affluent and their disposition generous, the love of money is still, as was truly said anciently, the root of all evil. To be "as rich as Croesus" is of itself no honor or worthy distinction, especially if the other attributes are like those of Croesus. It ought to be more desirable to be as wise as Solomon, as just as Aristides, as patriotic as Washington.

Reflections on this subject may well be stimulated by a glance at the present condition of Spain, due largely if not solely to the love of gold which entered the heart of her cavaliers at the time of her greatness, and has cankered the whole body politic ever since. At the time of the discovery of America, and subsequent to that important event, Spain was probably the foremost power of the world. The Spanish peninsula itself possesses resources enough to

make any enterprising and industrious people powerful and wealthy. But these magnificent resources were but small when compared with those of the Spanish empire—the various colonies and dependencies, were mines of untold wealth. Not only the Mediterranean isles, which graced the Spanish crown in its brightest days, but also the thrifty Netherlands, with their busy, saving, prosperous inhabitants, contributed vast sums to Spanish love of wealth and luxury. But either or all of these could not be compared in the production of wealth with the almost limitless possessions in America. Mexico and Peru, besides the Central American country, yielded up uncounted treasures at the demand of military adventurers. At the rude demand of these rough men of war and plunder, native kings turned out thousands and millions of dollars of gold and silver which slaves had torn out of the mountain sides. Every vessel carried loads of the precious metals to the mother country; it is even estimated that during the first century after the discovery of America that Spain received from the New World more than two thousand tons of gold and about three times that quantity of silver. Penniless knights became millionaires after a short career of conquest or rather plunder in America; and into the coffers of the Spanish rulers poured such a stream of gold that they scarcely knew how to distribute, much less to utilize it.

Of course extravagance and shiftlessness followed in the train. Work became unpalatable and undignified—the same amount of effort that would produce a living in the fertile plains of Spain would produce a fortune among the savages of America. The arts of peace lost their charm, and rapine came to be regarded as a legitimate and profit

able means of livelihood. The noblest of mortal sentiments, patriotism, the love and defense of one's home and country, dwindled suddenly, and intrigue, bribery, diplomacy and the hire of mercenary soldiers took its place. Of few statesmen of the time could it be said that they had not been tempted by, if they had not accepted, Spanish gold.

Money will do many things, but it will not do everything. The example we have taken, the Spanish empire of the sixteenth century, is a striking instance in proof. Where the English, the French, the Dutch planted colonists and established a permanent commerce, the Spaniards had marauders and gold-getters. In later years the Germans have entered the more honorable class, while not all those mentioned above have earned the right to remain in that category. But our remarks are directed more particularly against Spain, and the same condition will apply to every nation that pursues the same policy. Instead of being strengthened and supported by her colonies, she will be drained and tormented by them if her previous policy has been to subjugate and impoverish them. Florida, Mexico, Peru, Brazil—almost everything on the mainland of the American hemisphere has wrested itself from the grasp of Spanish avarice, and Cuba today—the gem of the Antilles—is engaged in a life and death struggle for independence, with good prospects of success. Do our readers wonder why Spain gets so little sympathy in her reverses during this latest war? In view of the foregoing facts can they wonder that reverses multiply upon her, and that having made gold her ambition and staff, she should be compelled to see it melt away and leave her helpless and friendless at last?

UTAH'S INAUGURATION.

Hail welcome day! Blest be thy dawn
Hail! all hail! the auspicious morn.
Let shouts, and songs of gladdening cheer
Re-echo long, and loud, and clear.
Today we join with heart and hand
The patriotic statehood band,
Today we stand as freemen bold
Fair Utah's beauties to unfold.

She long has been a minor child
While grace and beauty on her smiled
With naught her loveliness to mar
She enters now a brilliant star.
Her queenly head she'll proudly raise
While sister states shall on her gaze;
Their eyes open'd wide with wondering awe,
Her power is great, divine her law.

Grand education is her theme,
Its ruling forces reign supreme,
Refinement, peace and industry,
Compassion for humanity,
True love for country, God and right,
Heroic soldiers in the fight,
All this fair Utah gives, and more
Than could be here recounted o'er.

Unfurl our country's banner now,
Let each in grateful homage bow
While gladness reigns both near and far
Adorn it with another star;
A star that by its brilliant light,
By scintillations clear and bright
Shall draw and keep the good and great
Within our own most beauteous State.

Ah! Utah dear, we hail the day
When thou with grand majestic sway
The queen of states shall rule and reign
And of the west the pride remain.
God grant that we may worthy be
Of this great boon of liberty;
And may we ever bless the date
When Utah fair became a state.

Lula Cooper.

It is hard for anybody else to please the man who is pleased with himself.

Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own behind our back.

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

Our Little Folks.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

A Dialogue.

Characters: HARRY, SAM, DAVE, AUSTIN.

(Harry and Sam enter from left, slouchy and dirty.)

HARRY: I don't know what's the matter with Dave and Austin; they never want to have any fun.

SAM: Oh, I know! They are too stuck up.

HARRY: Yes, and religious. We are just as good as them any day.

SAM: You bet we are. See what a good time we had by staying away from Sunday School this morning.

HARRY: Oh, Sam, I wonder if the old lady Miller saw us steal the apples off that tree.

SAM: Of course not. How could she see us, when you were up among those thick branches, while I hid in that old barrel?

HARRY: And she is so short-sighted, anyhow. But I say, Sam, it's too bad to steal from an old lady like her. That was the only apple tree she had. We ought to have robbed somebody who had plenty of apples.

SAM: Never mind, we had the fun anyhow.

(Harry looks off right and sees Dave and Austin coming from school.)

HARRY: Hello! Sunday School's out. Here come the smarts, Dave and Austin; let them speak first, just because they wouldn't join us in our sport.

SAM: That's a go, then.

(Dave and Austin enter from right, clean and with the appearance of good boys.)

DAVE and AUSTIN (together kindly): Hello, boys!

HARRY and SAM (harshly): Hello!

AUSTIN: Say, boys, why were you not at Sunday School this morning?

SAM: Rats with Sunday School; what do we want to go there for?

DAVE: To learn something, of course.

HARRY: We have better fun outside.

AUSTIN: Why, do you go after fun on Sundays?

HARRY: You bet we do; we had a jolly time today.

DAVE: What doing?

SAM: Stealing apples from old Mrs. Miller. You two lost all the fun (scornfully): but of course you are so religious.

HARRY: And we are going down to the river this afternoon to swim and fish.

AUSTIN: Well, boys, I am surprised at your conduct; I never thought you so mean. Stealing from an old lady, you may say taking the bread from her mouth. Now, boys, place your mothers in the same condition as she is, and how would you like to see boys come and steal their apples? I know I wouldn't like it.

DAVE: Yes, if you go down to the river and get drowned what a serious matter it will be. Don't you remember the ten commandments you learned about six months go? You have broken two of them today. First, you have been stealing; second, breaking the Sabbath. Now, you missed a good Sunday School this morning, and we had some lovely cards for our good attendance. See here.

(Shows picture card with verse on the bottom, which he reads.)

"Thou shalt not steal." Austin, show your card and read your verse.

(Austin shows his card and reads.)

AUSTIN (reads): "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

SAM (as if feeling sorrowful): "Oh, I

wish I had gone to Sunday School. How wicked I have been!

HARRY (as if feeling bad): And me, too. Oh, how can we be forgiven for what we have done?

AUSTIN: I will tell you. Take back to the old lady more apples than you stole, tell her what you have done, ask her to forgive you, and never do such wickedness again. Bend your knees before the Lord and ask Him to forgive you and you will be forgiven. Come with us to Sunday School, and be good boys.

DAVE: That's just the way to be forgiven and right the wrong.

HARRY: Oh, dear playmates, thank you for your good advice, and I will never do such wicked things again, will you, Sam?

SAM: No, never. Oh, I feel so sorry. May God forgive us, and may we never do such wickedness again.

HARRY: Sam, let's make it all right with Austin and Dave, and shake our hands in friendship, and promise never to think them too smart again, for they have showed us how superior they are to us.

(They all shake hands. Harry and Sam take hold of each other's hands and repeat in concert, standing between Dave and Austin.)

HARRY and SAM:

"O, may we never forget
The lessons learned today,
That we must never steal,
Nor break the Sabbath day."

(They all join hands and repeat the following):

"And now in friendship we depart:
Oh, may it never cease;
And let us try to reach the mark
Where all is love and peace."

Hector Evans.

SCOFIELD, UTAH.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 287.)

One day, during the fall of the year young Robbie was passing by a house not far from his home, and a woman who happened to be outside near the gate eyed him very closely as he went by. After he had gone a few steps past the gate the lady called to him and accused him of stealing turnips out of her garden, and threatened to punish him or tell his mother about it.

Robbie was innocent of the charge, so he did not mind her threat of reporting him to his mother. He went home and told her himself of what the lady accused him. His mother questioned him closely to find out if he was really telling the truth. Although he told a straight story she was not entirely satisfied to drop the matter there. This was not because she could not trust her boy; but fearing that he might possibly have been led to hide some of the facts, she resolved to make further inquiry. She was very particular in looking after her boy and did not want him to fall into evil ways if she could help it. So she put on her bonnet and asked Robbie to go with her to see the lady that accused him of stealing and find out what evidence she had that he was guilty.

When Mrs. Richards asked the lady if her son had been stealing from her garden she hesitated and then replied she thought he was the boy that did it. When asked when it happened, she said it was just the night before, between nine and ten o'clock. The mother was now fully convinced that the woman was mistaken, as she knew Robbie was at home and in bed before that time of night.

She made it a regular practice to have her son in at night, and trained him in the habit of going to bed early. The

boy often thought it was a punishment to be kept in at night, when he could hear the other boys in the street shouting and laughing in their play. But when he grew older he felt thankful to his mother for taking such care over him.

Robbie wondered why his mother did not accept his word without further inquiry when he told her he did not steal the turnips. He had always been taught to tell the truth, and believed his mother trusted his word.

He soon learned, however, that his mother was wiser than he was. The evil result of a mother placing too much confidence in her child was illustrated before him not long after this little incident happened.

A boy who lived in the neighborhood was accused by a young man of taking a hatchet from his dooryard. The boy was taken to his mother and she was informed of his conduct. The mother, instead of inquiring of her boy if he stole the hatchet, declared most positively that she knew her son would not do such a thing, as he had always been told not to steal. She felt very indignant at him being charged with doing such a deed.

The young man who lost the hatchet was not satisfied with the course taken by the boy's mother, so he next went to the boy's father and told him about it. The father accompanied the young man to the house and asked the boy in the presence of his mother if he took the man's hatchet. Before the boy had a chance to give an answer the mother replied that she knew he did not do it.

"But let the boy speak for himself," insisted the father.

"Did you take the man's hatchet, my boy?" he asked in a kindly tone.

"Yes," replied the boy.

The mother felt ashamed and surprised and turned to go away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

Snake River.

Snake River rises in Wyoming, in the Wind River Mountains, and it forces its way down through the mountains, first in a south-westerly course, then in a westerly, then north as far as Lewiston, then again to a westerly direction till it empties into the Columbia River, which forms part of the boundary between Oregon and Washington. The Snake River has two forks or branches—the North and South Fork—for about the distance of one hundred miles. They flow together and form the Snake River.

The stream is so called on account of its being formed like a crawling snake. The river is very clear, and flows with great rapidity, taking at times large rocks and trees with it.

Gold has been washed down this stream in past years, and there are extensive placer mines near the junction of the two branches.

The main value of this river is for irrigation purposes. Extensive canals are taken out to water the vast country called the Upper Snake River Valley. In some places machinery is run by this river.

There are some large bridges built over this river and its branches. Snake River is navigable as far as the Shoshone Falls, and it affords very picturesque scenery. Some very pretty forests are on its banks. American Falls on this stream are noted for their beauty.

Joseph T. Young. Age 15.

REXBURG, IDAHO.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Ark of God Returned to the Israelites.

The Philistines made a new cart, or flat wagon, and put the ark on it, and also some golden mice, and jewels of gold for an offering.

Then they hooked up to the cart two cows that had never had yokes on before, and shut their little calves up at home.

They said if the cows went to the camp of the Israelites with the ark they would know that their sickness had been sent upon them by the Lord because they had taken the ark away from His people; but if the cows should stay at home, as it was natural they should do, they would think their sickness had only happened, and that the Lord had nothing to do with it. You know what a fuss the old cow makes if we shut up her little calf and then try to take her away from it.

Well, when those cows were hooked up they paid no attention to their little calves that were shut up, but they both started right off toward the camp of the Israelites, lowing as they went, and without looking around them on either side, and they finally went into a field where a good many Israelites were at work, and then stopped by the side of a large rock.

Of course the Israelites were all glad when they saw the ark coming back, and they broke up the cart or wagon and used it for wood, piling it upon the big rock, which they used for an altar; then they killed the cows and put them on top of the wood, and offered them for a burnt offering to the Lord.

Five of the great men of the Philistines had followed along to see where the cows went, and what would happen,

so when they saw the Israelites offering the sacrifice they went back home.

The Israelites sent the ark to one of their cities to be taken care of, and some of the people tried to serve the Lord; but many of them continued to worship idols, and they finally told Samuel that they wanted a king.

They did not want to be governed by the Lord's prophets any more, but wanted a king to rule over them, so that they might be like the other nations around them.

Samuel felt quite badly about it, knowing that the Lord's people should be governed by prophets whom the Lord would appoint; so he told the Lord all about the dissatisfaction of the people, and asked what he should do.

The Lord told Samuel to tell the people once more that they ought to serve God and Him only, and to tell them how much greater would be their bondage if they were to have a king; but they still insisted that they must have a king so as to be like the other nations, and the Lord told him to let them have one.

Celia A. Smith.

A NEW STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was a compassionate man. Governor Rice and Senator Wilson entered one morning the President's private office. With them slipped in a lad who had been waiting days for admission. The President briefly saluted the two men, and turning to the lad, said kindly, "And who is this little boy?" The child told him that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House. Lincoln replied that application must be made to the doorkeeper of the House at the Capitol. "But, sir," said the

lad, "I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother and from the Supervisor and from my Sunday School teacher." The President took the lad's papers, ran his eye over them, then wrote upon the back of one of them, "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified. A. Lincoln." The war was at its fiercest. The great man was worn with anxiety and labor, tormented by the complaints of the envious, crowded with numerous cares incident to his position.

pressed constantly to decisions of grave moment in public policy, but he forgot them all to listen to the troubled tale of a little boy. It reminds us of Him who bore a heavier burden than any nation's chief, yet was always compassionate and self-forgotten.

Lazy men are like ants—always hunting for a job.

A lie feels easy only when it forgets that it has a truth on its track.

BLESSED SABBATH DAY.

Sunday School Anthem.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Marcia.

All that love the Sab-bath, And the gold-en rule, Praise the Great Cre-

TENOR.
All that love the Sab-bath, And the gold-en rule, Praise the Great Cre-

BASS.
a - tor, In the Sunday school; Blessed is the gos - pel,

a - tor, In the Sunday school; Blessed is the gos - pel,

Glorious to pro-claim, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise God's ho - ly

Glorious to pro-claim, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise God's ho - ly

name, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise His ho - ly
name, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise His ho - ly

CODA. 1ST TIME.

Rit. name. A - men. name; Oh, come, oh, come, with praise
name. A - men. name; Oh, come, with loud an- them's of praise let us

1ST TIME.

we'll sing, Raise high our voice to Christ, our King, to
sing, and praise high our voice - es to Je - sus our King,

D. C.

our King. Thee, oh, Lord, our voice - es raise, With
King. our voice-es high we raise, our voices high we raise,

D. S. to ff

pray'r - ful hearts we love to sing Thy praise.
With pray'r-ful hearts, oh, Lord, we love to sing Thy Praise. Oh,

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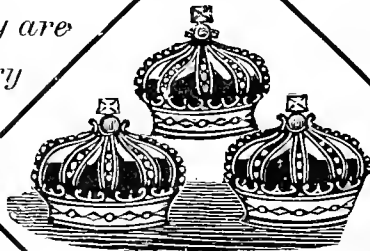
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